

**TERMS: \$1.50 per annum, in Advance.**

No. 6.

in milk. It will have to be a better method than the Babcock in order to displace that appliance whose merits are

The new butterometer for testing milk, shown at the meeting by the De Laval Co., uses only a tenth of the sample required with the Babcock. This looks to

ing this work can never be done by reducing the amount of sample. The possible errors must be increased in proportion as the sample is reduced.

Prof. Conn in his instructive lecture plainly said, as has before been stated, by the *Farmer*, that he does not claim that all flavors of a butter product come from bacteria cultures, for everybody knows better. Some of the expounders of his ferment theory seem to have known more of his claims than the able Professor does himself.

Ex-Governor Hoard said the average

field of butter product of the cows of Maine is but 150 pounds. By what data does he make this statement? We claim that that few, if any, dairies are to be found among us whose full year's production will not exceed the figures named, while we have many that double it.

The Norway Grange choir furnished excellent music at the evening sessions of the meeting.

The "Bread and Butter Lecture" on the evening of the first day, by Miss Anna Barrows of Boston, editor of the *American Kitchen Magazine*, drew a good audience. Her cooking was done in the Aladdin oven, now claimed to be a needed attachment to every cook room.

## Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

### FEEDING VALUE OF POTATOES.

BY E. C. DOW.

Chemical analysis gives a very low feeding value to potatoes, as well as all other root crops. That it is not possible to show the total food value of any article by chemical work, is a statement easy of proof. As between two or more articles of food, each of which has a similar effect upon the animal system, analysis shows which is the more valuable. It is safe to follow the teachings

of chemistry in making comparisons between similar foods: it is not safe to

make comparison between foods which are more dissimilar. Chemistry cannot show whether the dietary effect of any food upon the animal system. Theoretically, a man can live upon food projects containing the same chemical composition in ordinary food ratios; practically, a man not only will starve upon those tablets, but they also hasten his death by causing internal derangement. It is, therefore, necessary to take into consideration the effect of food upon the system before we can place any just estimate upon its value for man or other beast.

Experience shows that potatoes have a much higher feed value than any other food which has assigned value. They are the most efficient root crop, because they are dietary effect upon the animal system which is equal, at least, to the value of food value as shown by analysis. It has been recently seen that, by a dairy-man of one of the central states, that potatoes were worth to him fifty cents per bushel as feed for cows. He claimed that by substituting potatoes for the grain ration twice a week, there was no decrease either of milk or butter.

So fed, they were worth, to him, as much  
as again.

This is rice as much as I have ever been able to obtain from them, as the highest value I can place upon them as the result of my experience is twenty-five cents per bushel. The quantity of potatoes that can be profitably fed is limited. While a small amount will have a good effect and prove profitable, a large amount often proves injurious. They are not a complete food either for man or beast, and are, therefore, best used in combination with more highly concentrated food products, such as corn, wheat, meal, etc.

As a feed for horses I prefer one bushel of potatoes to two bushels of carrots, although many place a high value upon the latter. It is as a food for hens that I have obtained the best results from potatoes. Fed to laying hens in connection with grain and meat foods they are worth as much as shorts, or wheat, bran, i. e., by measure, not by weight. A pound of potatoes, cooked and mashed and mixed with meal, give as

good results as an equal quantity of shorts or bran. This is not a case where "if a little is good more is better" will apply. I find that I cannot profitably feed

more than one quart for every sixteen hens. Neither can I feed a larger amount of shorts than this, and find it profitable. It is better to feed a small daily ration in connection with grain than to occasionally feed a larger

When potatoes are low in price, as they are at present, and there is a good flock of hens to feed them to, or colts and horses and young growing stock, a good market for part of the crop may be profitably found at home. But it must be remembered that all root crops should be fed in small quantities.

*Monroe.*



## Choice Miscellany.

## YOU.

Sweetheart, the eyes whose slightest glance  
Has power to thrill me through and through,  
With life, and love and laughter dance;  
They are not black, nor gray, nor blue;  
For fear you may not understand,  
Explicitly I'll state their hue:  
Of all brown eyes they're brownest, and  
Sweetheart, those eyes belong to you!

Sweetheart, the lips I long to kiss  
Are sweet and fresh as summer dew,  
Unfaded as the blossom is,  
Whose honey no bee ever knew.  
(Would their fair mistress refrain from  
Me if I stole a kiss—or two?)  
Of all red lips they're reddest, and  
Sweetheart, those lips belong to you!

Sweetheart, the girl that I would wed  
Is so sweet-natured, pure and true—  
So wise, so winning, so well-bred  
From modesty that dainty shoe—  
I love her well, and for her hand  
In all sincerity I sue;  
Of all fair maidens she's the fairest, and  
Sweetheart, those lips belong to you!

—Frank F. Smart, in Detroit Free Press

## ABOUT ARMENIA.

An English Statesman Discusses What Can Be Done to Help the Armenians.

Why does not such a government go to pieces, according to the law of nature which happily provides that corruption and weakness bring dissolution in their train? There are three reasons. One is the jealousy of three great European powers, which has had the effect of preventing two of them from annexing what remains of Turkish territory. Another is the fact that the Muslim population, being in the majority, is so fanatically ill disposed to the Christians (who are the greatest sufferers) that it is not only unwilling to help the government, but even disposed to tolerate evils which would produce Muslim insurrections were there no Christians in the country. There is, however, a great deal of latent discontent among the Mohammedans, and but for the fatalism which Islam engenders, and which makes the masses listless and resigned, one may doubt whether even jealousy of the Christians would suffice to prevent outbreaks. The third reason is the enormous advantage which modern weapons give to a government which can raise money to purchase them. Two centuries ago the Turkish sultan was far easier and more likely to succeed than now because the insurgents were more on a level with regular troops than they are in these days of swift firing guns and rifles of long range. There is therefore little ground for hope for any speedy extinction of the Turkish rebellion by natural causes.

If then it is going to last some time longer, can nothing at all be done, if not to reform it, yet to abate its evils? Experience has shown that there is only one way of reforming an Oriental government, and that is by putting it into leading strings by either persuading the chief officials and putting Europeans in their places, or else by giving them European adjutants who shall virtually direct them. This might be done in Turkey if the European powers were willing. But it would be necessary practically to supersede the sultan—that is to say, to prevent him from interfering either with administrative policy or with appointments. And it is a method which, though capable of being efficiently worked by a directing and protecting power, as England works it in the minor protected states of India, cannot be well applied at least on a large scale, by three or four powers conjointly, because each would suspect the other of obtaining some advantage for itself.

Another expedient would be to detach from the rest of the empire those parts of the country where disorders were most frequent, placing them under a specially constituted administration. This was done in the case of the Lebanon, and with very good results. It has been proposed for Armenia, and would probably succeed, if it were not for the fact that the sultan would be compelled to erect Armenia into a distinct province, with a European governor who should be irremovable except with the consent of those powers, who should control the revenues of the province and maintain out of them a strong police force, and who should be free to introduce administrative and judicial reforms, the country might in ten years' time be brought into the same perfect order, and obtain a measure of the same prosperity, as has attended the rule of Count Kalay in Bosnia, which was declared a province in 1878. There are no doubt, as many Mussulmans as Christians in Armenia, but the former have also much to gain by the establishment of good administration, and would welcome it. Russia, however, is unwilling to set up on her borders what she fears might become an Armenian principality toward which her own Armenian population would gravitate; so it is to be feared that this course, however promising, will not be taken. —James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

## THE VIA DANTE.

Milan Claims to Have the Best Street in Europe.

Meanwhile, the street reforms and the visible improvements in the ground plan of the city are progressing steadily. As an instance of the new improvement work there should be mentioned the Via Dante, a magnificent radial very recently constructed, which leads to the beautiful new park in the northwestern part of the city. There had long been retained within the town, at the rear of the old "Castello," a vast military drill ground, extending from the inner to the outer lines of circuit.

By consent of the national government, the city authorities have recently laid out a large part of this space as the chief park of Milan, and an area of perhaps equal extent has been arranged with handsome streets and laid out for private residence sites. This extremely valuable land has brought into the municipal treasury a large fund of money, with which a variety of public improvements have been initiated or authorized.

The Via Dante was constructed as the direct approach from the heart of the city to the curved front of the symmetrical new park. It is paved with wooden blocks on concrete foundation, is lighted with electricity, and is traversed by an electric street railway. But it is more notable for its underground construction than for its beautiful exterior surface; for, apart from the main sewers, there are subways on either side of the street six feet high by four or five feet wide.

These subways adjoin the front foundation wall of the houses, and make it easy to inspect and repair the drain

pipes and connect the houses with the sewers. Within the subways are placed the water pipes, gas pipes, electric wires, etc., and passages extend from them to the main sewers. It is considered in Milan that no street elsewhere in Europe so completely embodies the best principles of construction—below the surface, if not above—as the new Via Dante.—Review of Reviews.

## OSTRICH FARM IN SAHARA.

A New Source of Supply of Plumes Suggested by a French Writer.

A writer in La Revue Scientifique suggests that the French Sahara, upon the southern edge of Algeria, may be profitably used for the breeding of ostriches. The Barbary ostrich was once greatly prized for its plumage, and the ostrich feather houses of Paris made their reputation by the curling of these plumes. The wild Barbary ostrich is nearly extinct, so that there are no more plumes of the sort to be had, and the Parisian houses have lost their monopoly of ostrich feather curling. Indeed, a large part of the business has been transferred to other countries, notably the United States. It is estimated that the world uses annually about twenty million dollars' worth of ostrich plumes, and the writer in La Revue Scientifique says that in view of the early adoption of European dress in the east, especially in China and Japan, the demand for this sort of personal adornment is likely to increase. He argues, too, that the increased use of ostrich feathers throughout the civilized world is likely to protect other birds of fine plumage from destruction, and he calls upon the various societies interested in the protection of such birds to aid in making ostrich plumes more fashionable than ever.

It is believed that there are now in south Africa at least three hundred and fifty thousand ostriches domesticated and bred for their plumage, and the writer says that there is no reason why northern Africa should not become quite as important a region in this industry. The Sahara, it is explained, is by no means the exclusively arid and sandy waste that the popular imagination makes it. The ostrich can not exist in the absolutely dry portions of the Sahara, but there are large areas which are not, properly speaking, oases, but they do produce considerable vegetation. It is upon these areas that the French people are urged to undertake ostrich farming. There have been two or three unsuccessful experiments to this end in Algeria, upon the edge of the desert, but they have failed for reasons that would not necessitate failure in other parts of the desert. It is true, the writer admits, that the Sahara can probably never maintain a large European population, but he notes that it is the oases, and not the less fertile parts of the desert, that are particularly unwholesome for Europeans. He believes there is a large field for immigration in parts of the French Sahara that are suitable for ostrich farming, and urges that the war department should aid in establishing the industry, that the natives could be directed by French immigrants, and Paris could recover something like her monopoly of the ostrich feather industry.

That thirty thousand Frenchmen emigrate to America every year, and thinks that some of these might profitably be induced to settle in northern Africa. —N. Y. Sun.

## IT WAS NOT HIS HEART.

More an Occasion for Striking a Fire Alarm Than Calling an Ambulance.

A slender little old man, with horny hands and grimy face, dropped into a seat on a Market street car the other night, sat his lunch basket between his feet, mopped the perspiration off his face with a ragged handkerchief, and leaned back exhausted from his day's work. Suddenly he started, clasping both hands over his heart, and groaned. Several passengers looked at him curiously. He was evidently suffering intensely.

"What's the matter?" inquired the man next to him.

"Oh! It's my heart," he groaned. His face was contorted with the agony he suffered, and he writhed and moaned piteously.

"Is there a physician in the car?" shouted an alarmed passenger.

The passengers crowded about the sufferer.

"Stand back and give him air!" yelled the conductor. "Stand back!"

"Oh-h-h-ugh!"

The man's groan ended in a shriek of agony.

"Let me see what I can do for him," remarked a stranger. "I'm a physician."

The crowd gave way; the sufferer slipped from the seat to the floor of the car, and lay there, writhing and gasping.

"Oh, it's my heart! Oh-h-h!"

The physician stooped over and commenced to loosen the sufferer's clothing.

"Shall I ring for an ambulance?" inquired the conductor.

"No; you'd better turn on an alarm of fire," and the physician threw on the floor of the car the stubby clay pipe that had set fire to the old man's vest-pocket. —San Francisco Post.

## All the Same.

"Have you any founesses?" asked Tony Pippen, with an abstracted air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick-dispatch restaurants in Park row.

The fluffy-haired waitress glanced down at her plain black skirts, blushed laboriously, and said:

"What was that you wanted?"

"Founesses."

"How do you have 'em—baked, broiled, shirred or bias?" the girl responded, facetiously. She thought Mr. Pippen was given to repartee.

"I want them fried with bacon," Tony responded, with some severity.

"Will you take my order?"

"Yes, I'll ring for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese laundry."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippen grabbed the thumb-pointed menu, scanned the oyster list for a moment, and then said meekly:

"I made a mistake. It's scallops I want." —N. Y. Journal.

—The League of God's House, in 1401, was a Swiss combination. There were three leagues among the hardy mountaineers, formed in reality for the purpose of establishing and maintaining the independence of their country. The League of God's House was the first; the second was that of the Grisons, in 1484; the third, the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, in 1536. In 1798 all three came under the jurisdiction of, or rather were admitted into, the League of the Helvetic Confederation.

## Successful

growers of fruits, berries, and all kinds of vegetables, know that the largest yields and best quality are produced by the liberal use of fertilizers containing at least 10% of

## Actual Potash.

Without the liberal use of Potash on sandy soils, it is impossible to grow fruits, berries and vegetables of a quality that will command the best prices.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars bearing special testimonials, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,  
23 Nassau St., New York.

## ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

Salt Rheum on the Hands.

"For four years I suffered untold misery with salt rheum on my hands. Some of my friends wished me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Ointment, which I concluded to do. I took the Sarsaparilla, and used the Ointment, and to-day my hands are entirely well." Mrs. M. E. Barrett, Littlefield, Me.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

"What is that place down there?" asked she of one of the officers. "Why, that is the steeple," answered he. "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"

Mr. H. W. Wetzel, of Marengo, Ill., found that Ayer's Pills, taken when the first symptoms of a bilious attack appear, prevent further progress of the disease, and he has yet to find the first case where these pills did not cure the malady. Every dose was effective.

Uncle Sam makes \$1200 a day by coining 1-cent pieces, for which there is a great demand at the present time. There are 780,000,000 of these little pieces of money in circulation, and the public is still absorbing them at the rate of 150,000 a day. The 99 and 49 cent pieces of the big stores and the reduction in the price of Western newspapers is said to have greatly increased the demand recently.

When the hair begins to fall out or turn gray, the scalp needs doctoring, and we know of no better specific than Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

After bringing her back from the valley of the shadow, they gathered around her bedside. "Oh, why did you commit the rash act," one asked.

She smiled sadly. "I couldn't help it," she said. "The Cashmere Pharmacy was selling a quarter's worth of morphine for 13 cents."

W. A. Goodenough of the Goodenough Co., 135 East 25th Street, New York City, states:

That in October 1884, he suffered so with pneumonia that his physicians advised him to leave this severe climate, which he did. In the following year, 1885, he was taken with another attack and feared he would have to go away again and give up business, but at advice he tried Adamson's Balsam, which has entirely cured him. It is with his permission that we publish this.

That some people don't know their own minds is not strange; they have never been introduced.

If the Baby is cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, WYNKOWSKY'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

There are only two important ovals in woman's life," said the observant bachelor. "The oval of the face and the oval of the back."

"Before she is married and after."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she clung to Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

For every-day wear a great many little gowns are made of French flannel. These generally have single turn-over collars edged with braid, and long waists tucked back and front and stitched with silk of a lighter shade than the goods, or, at any rate, with a contrasting one.—Ladies' Standard Magazine.

Three Wants.

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of life in three words, health, peace, and competence."

So says the poet. Competence counts for little when one is sick, and peace is disturbed when health is upset, so that the poet rightly places health first. To have good health you must have pure blood. From the blood the system receives all its material of growth and repair. The best blood-purifier is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is world-famed and sold everywhere. It is a sovereign remedy for all diseases due to impure blood, such as consumption, bronchitis, weak lungs, scrofula, old sores, skin diseases, and kindred ailments.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for full illustrated treatise, sent securely sealed in plain envelope. Address World's Dispensary, 203 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Physical Effects of Thought.

Dr. Macnab, a noted physician of the last century, once published a work entitled "The Physical and Mental Treatment of the Human Body," in which he gave the following cure for mental worry: "Let the sufferer think of the person he or she loves best; dwell upon their charms and graces; cogitate deeply upon the affection they bear one for the other. If this does not have soothing effect, then let the patient try a small draught of strongly brewed tea, with a lump of ginger in it. The efficacy of this is wonderful."

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the blood. The perfect combination of these two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CROSBY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

"I hear your husband has been out shooting. Did he have any luck?" asked Mrs. Fitz of Mrs. Shillings.

"Oh, yes, he had luck, if you please to call it so. He saved two fingers of his right hand."

## THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Its Editor Is Disgusted with the Nuisance of Poor Shooting.

There is altogether too much fooling with deadly weapons in this town, and at the last meeting of the common council the city marshal was instructed to take radical steps to put a stop to the nuisance. No man should be permitted to carry a gun for ornament or bluff. If he can't make use of it for the purpose of shooting, and shooting with results, he should be disarmed and compelled to carry a club or a brick-bat.

Saturday afternoon a cow-puncher named Rose pulled Maj. Baker's nose on the street as the result of a dispute over a game of poker. The major pulled his gun and fired three shots and wounded two horses.

That evening Sam Joe, the Chinaman, got into a dispute with the proprietor of the Lone Wolf saloon about laundry work. A raiding dispute the saloonist pulled his gun and banged away six times, and when the smoke cleared away Sing Joe was unhurt and two customers at the bar had been wounded.

Sunday morning as Col. Johnson was walking about town in search of an early drink he roused up a stranger who was sleeping under a wagon on Apache square. The stranger was mad about it and opened fire and the colonel returned the compliment in his cool impulsive and enthusiastic manner. The racket brought out one hundred people, and to the supreme disgust of each and everyone not one of the dozen bullets even grazed one of the shooters.

Monday night there was a row in Jim Pelham's restaurant. A stranger from New Mexico wanted broiled goose and was told that he would have to put up with smothered chicken. He got mad and began to shoot and four or five others joined in just to make it interesting, but after fully thirty shots had been fired it was found that the only person damaged was the cook, and he merely had the tip of his nose shot off.

As editor of the Kicker, mayor of the town, postmaster and senator—a citizen having the best interests of this community at heart—we protest against the poor shooting. In this great and glorious country, when a man pulls a gun something should be done. The blundering blunderer and making a great noise is a baby Fourth of July proceeding which every grown man ought to discourage and feel ashamed of.—Detroit Free Press.

## MODELS IN LILLIPUT.

Dutch, Normandy and Napoleon Bonaparte for the Small Woman.

One of the questions which all mothers are asking at this season is: What will be worn as headgear by very little people? The Dutch, Normandy and Napoleon Bonaparte are so far as the cap is concerned, the favorites. Dutch caps are particularly becoming to most children; they are made of all materials, and are edged with fur, lace and silk puffs and ruffles.

One very pretty Napoleon cap for a child was made of Japanese silk, shirred and finished with a lace and footie and braid, while the trimming was two-tone ribbon, a rosette fastening the strings on each side of the cap.

Greenaway bonnets are easily made and very becoming to their Lilliputian wearers. A beautiful model was made of coral green, shirred and corded, the inside portion, near the face, lined with rose pink, and the strings of Dresden green and pink.

Children's dresses are prettier than ever this year; a great many are made of China silk with yokes tucked and shirred. A beautiful model was made for children of four or five and younger, when made of cashmere, Henrietta or any other cloth, are made with extra low neck and guimpes of fine cambric and lawn, trimmed with lace and adorned with all manner of fine needle work, tucks, shirings, embroidered buttons, etc.

For every-day wear a great many little gowns are made of French flannel. These generally have single turn-over collars edged with braid, and long waists tucked back and front and stitched with silk of a lighter shade than the goods, or, at any rate, with a contrasting one.—Ladies' Standard Magazine.

## Moods.

Why is it that some people are allowed to have unhappy moods and to indulge them, while others must be cheerful and happy if they so far forget themselves as to look grave or self-absorbed everyone with whom they come in contact immediately asks: "What is the matter?"

Said one woman: "It is a mistake to establish a reputation for having a sunny disposition. No one wants to live up to it, and it is most trying to one's self."

"Perhaps," said her listener, doubtfully; "but if you establish a reputation of having a disagreeable temper, all your friends have to live under that and it is most degrading and uncomfortable for everyone."

No man or woman has any right to indulge in any mood or temper in which he or she is not willing to have others believe in her presence. Did we all indulge in this, how many cloudy looks and feelings would be pushed into the background, and how much more agreeable we would be to ourselves and to the world at large! We excuse many unkind things that we say on the ground that we were in an unpleasant mood when we said them. We forget that mood itself is the most inexcusable part of it all.—Harper's Bazar.

## Killing Weeds by Electricity.

Prof. Woodworth, of the Michigan agricultural college, believes that electricity is quite as cheap as salt for the killing of weeds in the long run, as it is much more effective, and destroys the plant to the root. He proposes to experiment on the most noxious weeds by making a wheelbarrow or wagon supplied with a storage battery to the land to be cleared, and let the hanging wires drag along the ground. He insists on the practicability of removing Canadian and Russian thistles from farms in this way.

## She Cares for a King.

One of the best-paid governesses in Europe is the young English woman who has charge of the little king of Spain. She receives \$4,500 a year, and there are some people who think she earns every cent of it.

## Paper Product in 1895.

The paper product in the world in 1895 was estimated to exceed 1,000,000 tons.

## LITTLE GIRL PREACHER.

Expounding the Bible to Congregations in New York City.

She is Only Ten Years Old But Her Bearing Is Dignified and She Speaks Like a Finished Pulpit Orator.

Cleretta Nora Avery, the ten-year-old colored girl who feels that she has been called to preach the Gospel, began her New York ministry the other night at the Zion African Methodist church. About 1,000 persons crowded into the building. The little minister looked over them all calmly and told them they ought to repent before they became older.

A demure little woman she is, with great eyes and a high forehead. She doesn't smile often, and she regards life as a serious matter. She was dressed in black, and two big feathers sticking up from her big hat alone suggested the world, the flesh and the devil. Her skirts were short. Her high-heeled shoes and her towering hat made her just tall enough to be seen. She came upon the platform, and without paying any attention to the audience, began to pray. She felt it was her duty to speak to the Lord.

Her pulpit was a small table, which almost hid her while she was kneeling. She turned over the leaves of the well-worn Bible and announced her text from Kings 2, chapter 4, 14th and 22d verses. She read in a resonant voice and expounded as she went. The theme was that there was "Death in the Flame."

The audience paid the strictest attention. It crowded into the aisles and hung to the platform. With every gaze bent upon her, the girl scarcely seemed to realize the presence of anyone. There was not a hint of embarrassment. Her manner was that of a pulpit orator schooled by years of preaching. She was not emotional. She spoke with calm, dignified and serene. She spoke with authority. Her voice was musical.

Her preaching carried conviction to the simple hearts of those before her. Before she had been speaking five minutes the house was filled with "Blessed be Lawd" and "Hallelujah." Many were in tears, others were on their knees beseeching salvation.

Of her own conversion the little maid made this remarkable statement:

"If we would live in Heaven we must give our hearts to God. When I was only a year and a half old I gave my heart and soul to the Lord. I shall never forget the day when I was converted. You say that I was too young. Oh, it is never too young to die. I left home and friends and went forth to preach the Gospel to all men."

## SEARCH FOR THE LEOPARD.

Oh! Farmers Beat Up the Woods Looking for an Escapee's Best.

The other day, being a bright, pleasant day, a great number of farmers, armed with guns and all other conceivable weapons, turned out in quest of the escaped leopard which is terrorizing the denizens of southern Wyandott and northern Marion counties, O. Every bit of road in the vicinity of Warsaw was scoured, but the only evidence of the leopard was the discovery of three dead hogs.

Two hunters, Frank Gear and Ray Demarest, who have just returned from a week's hunt between Larue and Marcellus, report having seen the animal a few days ago. They claim that it attacked their dog and nearly killed it.

There is a report in circulation that a young man and a woman returning the other evening from a church at Marcellus were attacked by it. At a point about a mile from Marcellus and just between two dense woods they saw something leap over the fence into the roadway. The next moment a cat-like animal bounded against the dashboard of the buggy, falling underneath. The frightened horse was attacked, but the frightened horse to give a terrible plunge forward. The sudden plunge fortunately shook the leopard loose, and it was soon left in the distance.

Seymour Campbell and John Stephan, of Upper Sandusky, O., are endeavoring to form another searching party.

## CALIFORNIA'S VINTAGE.

Although Loss for 1895, It Is of Better Quality—Higher Prices Expected.

The California vintage of 1895 is now practically over, and the quantity and quality of this season's wine product can be accurately estimated. As a whole the crop of grapes was light, but the quality was the best in many years. There was a shortage of the sweet varieties, but great abundance of the sweet kinds. The output of dry wines will be about 8,000,000 gallons, something like 75 per cent of last year's production. Of this amount only 800,000 gallons are of white wine. Taking all circumstances into consideration, it is predicted that higher prices will be asked for California wines this season than last.

## England After Cuba.

A Spanish gentleman of prominence, lately visiting in Philadelphia, says the Philadelphia Times, in conversation with an American formerly occupying a diplomatic position, said that Spain, being greatly in need of money, had been negotiating with England for the sale of Cuba, and had received assurances that if the island could be delivered without trouble with the United States the sale could be effected.

## Norwegian Waterfalls.

In Norway there is at present considerable speculation in waterfalls, which are purchased for their water power rather than for scientific purposes. The fall at Rafoe, for instance, on the River Kniva, was recently disposed of for \$75,000. It will be used by an aluminum factory.

## Take Hood's Pills for Your Liver.

One of the best-paid governesses in Europe is the young English woman who has charge of the little king of Spain. She receives \$4,500 a year, and there are some people who think she earns every cent of it.

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The paper product in the world in 1895 was estimated to exceed 1,000,000 tons.

## Worcester Salt

An American Production and the Best in the world.

## NO SALE AFTER ALL.

A Stranger's Narrow Escape from Buying the Last North River Crawfords.

"North River Crawfords" was the legend over two baskets of uncommonly large and finely-colored peaches in front of a fruit commission house in an up-town market street. A passer-by paused to admire the peaches and the proprietor, out in scent of trade, said hastily:

"Try one of them."

"No, thank you," was the answer.

"Do, though," insisted the merchant. "I'll take it as a favor. You needn't buy."

"I couldn't think of it. I've really no idea of buying."

"But come, try 'em, and tell your friends about 'em," said the dealer, opening one of the peaches. "They're the very last of the season. I thought last week I should get no more, but they sent me down fifty baskets this morning, and they're all gone but these two."

"But why should you give me a peach when I've no notion of buying?" asked the stranger shamefacedly, as the two halves of the peach were thrust into his hand. There seemed nothing for it but to accept the merchant's hospitality, and having eaten half the peach, the stranger asked the price.

"Three dollars a basket," was the reply.

"Handsome price."

"Yes, but I sold two dozen baskets of 'em to the Waldorf for seven-fifty dollars."

"They don't seem quite as sweet as the earlier peaches were."

"That's because they're cold. After you've had 'em two hours in the house they'll taste like honey. Could you use both baskets? If you can, I'll put 'em at two dollars and fifty cents each."

"No, I really couldn't," said the stranger, still munching the second half of the peach.

"Mebbe you'll take one basket at two dollars? Yes? John, bring the burlap, and it looked as if the stranger must take those peaches whether or no.

But he plucked up courage to decline again and the burlap was removed from the mouth of the basket.

"John, don't sell this basket," he said, "I'll send it home. I said the dealer to his man, and then turning once more to the stranger, who was looking about for a graceful mode of retreat, he said: "What do you say to a dollar and a half?"

With these words the burlap was again tied over the mouth of the basket, and the stranger was moving away with thanks and apologies as the dealer inquired whether he would "take 'em along or have 'em sent?"



# IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 PURE

High priced toilet soaps cost more than the Ivory, not because the soap itself is any better, but by reason of the expensive wrappings, boxes and perfume. Then the profit on toilet soaps is much greater.

THE PROCTER &amp; GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

## Woman's Department.

### TWO

I dreamed I saw two angels hand in hand, And very like they were, and very fair. One wore about his head a golden band, A thorn-wreath crowned the other's mat- ted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white of brow; A radiant smile of wondrous grace shed, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other, fair, like marble-carved Grief, Had placed broad white white-cherished rain, With lips that never knew a smile's relief, And eyes like violets long and drear in pain.

Then spake the fair sweet one, and gently said: "Between us—Love and Death—choose thou thy lot."

By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led, Choose thou between us, soul, and fear thou not."

I pondered long. "O Life," at last I cried, "I rather choose thee, wiser Death to choose: My soul with thee were better satisfied."

The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret. Within his brother's hand he placed my hand. "Thou dost mistake," he said, in under- breath, "And choosing Life, didst fail to understand."

He with the thorn-wreath, and I am Death. "Laura Spencer Porter, in Harper's Maga- zine."

### THE FEUD OF THE FLOUR.

BY HELEN MARR HURD.

Not only in manner, but in visage, the old Lyander Meguin, somewhat eccentric, his forehead is persistently stern, his chin pugnacious, his keen, grey eyes twinkle humor, his mouth suggests a spirit of wit and geniality, and, altogether, his grand physique hints of contradiction. His business capacities are superb. Never did a man accumulate wealth in less years, yet his vast whole- sale establishment had always furnished custom with the superfine, his grades of flour being actually selected from the product of wheat brought to perfection.

Burnot & Boles, his rivals in trade, and his political opponents, had also made large fortunes. Not since these two men had been actually eclipsed by Western city had their emulation flagged. In 1894 it was raging over the minor dispute of best grades of wheat flour, as well as over the political question of contradiction. His business capacities are superb. Never did a man accumulate wealth in less years, yet his vast whole- sale establishment had always furnished custom with the superfine, his grades of flour being actually selected from the product of wheat brought to perfection.

Burnot & Boles declared and published throughout their extensive commerce and branches of traffic, in favor of the Paragon for "all uses" was the most excellent. While Meguin averred stoutly that "over a flume, not so fine a grade as White Plume had ever been produced." It was "equally best for pastry, cake, dumplings or pie; for bread, yeast bread, and all other breads, soft and white." So far, and wide, among his customers and tributaries his preference was whirled. Even their Eastern tributaries and disconnected East- ern firms enlisted in the cereal war, and the great flour firms in special dealings with them watched for the result with unabated concern.

In the immediate vicinity there was much sport when Meguin, Burnot & Boles were "having a run." All their wholesale was "down put." While bolly- ing, and their prices swept fair products in the dairyman's, butcher's, and country store, and corn, beans, potatoes, cereals, fruits, etc., were rushed to the exchange of silks, velvets, hats, shoes, sugar, etc. It was in the autumn of this year. De- pression of business and money dearth were signs of the time. Meguin, Burnot & Boles were the spirit of justice, and many were the justifiable turmoils, but Burnot & Boles still adhered tenaciously to every article of their old platform. Recently in this political excitement, the feud of the flour had been less contin- ually prosecuted. It was revived, and by Boles in a crowd, among whom the argu- ment on tariff was running high. He spoke plurally for himself and Boles. Said he, "Our creeds are built upon fore- sight and reason, so we never forget; and over in trade, to our tests will prove those grades, which we have decided are best. We are going to stay this, we'll cast ballot Meguin's way."

"Safe in that," laughed Burnot. "Ah!" said Meguin, "do you hit at White Plume? Possibly, yet you both maintain that the Paragon is superior for warm rolls and muffins, and such, and you pledge your ballots against your contradiction of that assertion?" "We do," averred Boles. "Unquestionably," Burnot. "So!" said Meguin. His brow frowned, his chin was a challenge, but some twinkling sport lustrated his eyes, as though some scheme for the confusion of his opponents were tickling him.

Burnot & Boles were too much en- grossed in mental composition of brilliant repartee, with which to parry any brilliancy he might flash at them, to notice this significance of visage. Subsequently, until the final denoue- ment, the eccentric old floursman non- chantly avoided controversy in the matter; that the Paragon is superior to all other grades of flour, and that his supporters were quick to mark it, and an expectant "jolly treat" in the future loomed so visibly, that, to the mystification of the opposing company, the cheers rang out lustily for Meguin.

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over, as if seeking a loophole for escape from payment, then again scanned the massive of ill, then stared at it as though he meant to look it out of countenance. Meanwhile, Rand told the crowd some- thing that incited a pandemonium hur- rying and tossing of hats in the air. Pres- ently, Narshon Burnot entered, and, hat in hand, meeting Meguin's half wrathful eyes that failed to suppress their spark- ing amusement and relish of such an uniquely deflated attitude, he said, smiling respectfully: "I have just come from an interview with your daughter, sir. She has ap- pointed Christmas for the fulfillment of your pledge."

"Yes! Yes!" You pertinacious young rascal!" shouted Meguin, dashing his fist against the table, amid a renewed up- roar of huzzas and a clamor for renewed treat.

### PASSING OF THE SEASONS.

"A hope, a throb, a memory, that is summer in these high latitudes." Per- haps nothing is so fleeting to us as the warm days of summer, which we hardly find ourselves in a condition to enjoy before they are gone, and we are remind- ed by the cool and frosty nights that winter is again crowding upon us, with all its discomforts. The tender leaves of spring have ripened into the gorgeous coloring of autumn, and the flowers, and a fit emblem of what we should be as life rolls into eternity.

The autumnal foliage of our forest trees is of a character which no painter can equal. His best efforts will be ex- aggerations, or fail to represent them in their true light. At length a severe frost comes, and in a few days they fall, one by one, twirling through the air to the ground. A gentle breeze causes a shower of them to fall, and in a few days the maples, recently clothed in scarlet robes, are stripped to their naked limbs, where they stand like stiffly frozen sentinels all the coming spring.

The falling leaves, and closing of the ground for winter, sometimes give rise to melancholy reflections, but it should not necessarily do so. Winter has its compensations. The house and out- buildings have been made snug and warm for cold weather. The wood is all housed for use. The stock is all made comfortable in their winter shelter. The man who failed to see the warmth and comfort are provided for his dumb beast in winter is a brute. We are resting from the more severe labors of the sum- mer season, and now enjoy the fruits of it all, and during the long evenings, which are now upon us, we gather round the fires in our pleasant home, in the society of those we love best, with plenty of good reading, and all the pleas- ant things which cluster round our New England country homes in winter. We find much enjoyment and happiness in the winter months.

And what is next best to the pleasant evenings at home, is meeting our brothers and sisters in the Grand hall, to ex- change friendly social greetings, to dis- cuss some question from which we can glean information, listen to good music, and carry home pleasant memories of the evening. The opportunity to call on some of her friends on her way home.

It was a lovely morning when she started, warm and sunny, but Mr. Thor- nton said that his daughter had plenty of wraps. "Why, father, any one would think it was the middle of winter."

It may seem like it when you return. November is sometimes as late as April, you never can be sure of her mood. Take care of yourself, dear, and be home as early as you can; and he gave the reins into her hands. "Dandy's dinner is served, and be sure and water him on the road."

She started off in high spirits, singing snatches of songs to herself as she drove along the quiet roads. But pretty soon the wind began to blow, and dark clouds came up and hid the sun. Then out would come the sun again shining ben- efitently and apparently dispersing the clouds.

"Oh, how beautiful," thought Bessie as she watched the changing landscape, "the sun lights up the hills and makes even the bare trees and brown earth look lovely." A few late blackbirds flew by, and a grey squirrel, after eying her for a moment, took to the trunk of a tree, darted up into the bare branches and then peeped at her again as much as to say, "You can't get me now." Soon, again, the great black clouds came up, and the sun was hid, and the wind blew, and the clouds blackened the day, and the wind blew so chilly that in spite of her wraps, Bessie was glad when she arrived at her destination. Kind Mrs. Burnot met her, and she kissed her, while her husband put the horse up, and didn't give her a chance to tell her her- self until they had made her comfort- able.

"How is your father and how did he happen to let you come out in such dis- agreeable weather when he is so careful of you?" "He couldn't very well help it," said Bessie, as she explained the circum- stances.

"Ah, ha! so you want money, do you? Well, that is what we all want and never seem to get enough of. We will make a little while mother is get- ting dinner on the table as you will want to start right after afterwards, or you won't be home before dark."

"I hear that David Churchill is going to get married," said Bessie. "How is that?" "Bessie, can't you persuade him to settle down on the land? A nice little farm and a nice little wife would, to my mind, be ever so much better than toss- ing around in an old ship the best part of one's days."

"I should think," said Bessie, warmly, "that the sea was the best place for any one so disagreeable as he is. He is so used to ordering the sailors round, and he thinks every one else is to do his bid- ding. You are not like that, Captain Hascall, or I should not like you so well."

"You make me blush, Miss Bessie, I can't tell you how much I like you, because I have to mind my mother," said the Captain, looking shyly at his wife. He was a mild tempered man, brimming over with kindness to every living crea- ture, and the idol of the crew in the days when he sailed the "Briny Deep." Now, he was living in comfort with his good wife on a small farm and running, with the help of his sons, a corn cannery shop. "Do you think you must go? Can't you stay tonight? This is such a short visit," as Bessie started for her hat.

"Oh, no, thank you very much. I must go as quickly as I can. I wouldn't leave father alone for anything, and he would worry about me, too. I suppose he will as it is, as he hated to have me come; but he wanted so much to finish that shingling. It was so pleasant this morning early, did not think the weather would change so soon."

"Well, good luck to you, come and see us as soon as you can," said the Captain, as he helped her into the wagon.

"Only wish," he said to his wife on returning to the farm kitchen, "that we could have had her for a daughter. She is the sweetest girl I know, and so good to her father. I suppose there is not a man living who could induce her to leave him."

Meanwhile Bessie was out again in the rain and the snow, all her pleasant ant- icipations of the morning forgotten. It was not steady, drizzling rain, as we often have in the month of "now," but it came in fierce gusts, blowing off her hat, unfastening her shawl, dashing the rain-drops into her face and eyes, and being altogether rude and boisterous. Then there would come a little respite,

## Young Folks' Column.

### DARE TO STAND ALONE.

The pulse of the world is becoming so weak. We'll never have anything new. While every one waits for his neighbor to speak.

Or to see what his neighbor will do. And perhaps that we tread are so beaten and grooved.

That little progress is done: The mind of the millions too often has grooved.

The biased opinion of one. Then down with the rule that retards and enslaves.

And the wrong that is reckoned a right: For fashions and customs have often been graves.

Where the soul has been buried from sight: Where lives full of promise to chaos are hurled.

And talents are laid on the shelf: But the man who is fitted to think for the world.

Is the man who can think for himself. Then dare to be honestly just what you are, And dare to be voted a crank:

For anything, surely, is better by far Than being an impenitent knave. And let your opinion be known: For some, who are seeking the world's vain applause.

Will gain it by losing their own. —Isabella F. Darling, in Christian News.

### BESSIE'S HIRER MAN.

BY EDITH WINTER.

"There, father, see who that is from: Churchill's brother-in-law. I don't see and probably it was the stew that made Miss Bessie's cheeks glow, for they had been white enough before."

"Now let me put the horse up, and you may as well wait here. Any- way, let me go with you and see you safe home."

The two were alone for a few minutes, as Mr. Churchill was preparing supper in the other room, her brother-in-law had gone to his own room to write the receipt, and her husband had not yet come home from his office at the railway station.

"It was evident that they were pretty good friends, as Bessie did not seem much surprised at the interest he showed in her welfare."

"Oh, no, there is really no need. Dandy will take me home all right, and father will be there to take the horse."

"Anyway, I shall come to-morrow to see how you are after getting such a soaking, and I haven't seen your father for a long time."

"He will be glad to see you," said Bessie, demurely. "You can keep him company while I run over to see Annie Davis about the Sunday school concert."

"Now, Bessie, that is too bad; don't you dare to run away, if you do I shall stay till you come back," he whispered, as Capt. Churchill returned with the paper.

"I am very sorry to have caused you so much trouble, but you know it is your own fault. Only say the word and I will stay at home now," he said, en- treatingly, while Ralph was untiring the horse.

"Oh, no, I couldn't," and she shook away from him. It was not the Cap- tain who had her heart, but rumor said he would have been very glad to get it, and it seems that for once rumor was right.

"Of course we wished to repay your loan as soon as possible, there is always so much to do, but when we received your letter I felt obliged to go and get the money in spite of what the weather might be," said Bessie, drawing herself up proudly.

"Forgive me and shake hands, as it will probably be a long time before you see me again, but you know it is your own fault. Only say the word and I will stay at home now," he said, en- treatingly, while Ralph was untiring the horse.

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and Bessie would try to protect herself by wrapping her shawl closely around her, when back would come the wind, and with it the rain, the great black clouds looking grand as they rushed across the sky, and she gave up the attempt in despair, and resigned her- self to passive endurance.

Early, early came the darkness, en- folding her like a great black cloak, and the lights began to appear in the houses as she passed. It gave her a sense of companionship as she noted each one, and thought, "One less before I reach Mr. Churchill's." When at length she did arrive, it was to find the entry door wide open, and Captain Churchill himself standing on the step.

"I was just going to the barn when I heard wheels coming over the bridge, and wondered who was traveling this stormy night. 'Why, Bessie, Thomson!' as he held the lantern up and saw who it was, 'that is too bad, you should not have come out in such weather!'"

He lifted her out and carried her into the sitting-room, for she was really too stiff and numb to walk without assistance. Then it was some seconds before she could command her voice enough to beg him to just cover Dandy up while she was waiting, for she must hurry along home.

"You poor child," said Mrs. Churchill, "now take this before you say another word," as she brought a bowl of steam- ing oyster stew and set before her a glass of stout.

"Oh, how good that tastes; thank you ever so much; it makes me feel so warm and comfortable."

Just then Ralph Harrington, Mrs. Churchill's brother, came in, and he was probably it was the stew that made Miss Bessie's cheeks glow, for they had been white enough before."

"Now let me put the horse up, and you may as well wait here. Any- way, let me go with you and see you safe home."

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"Oh, no, I couldn't," and she shook away from him. It was not the Cap- tain who had her heart, but rumor said he would have been very glad to get it, and it seems that for once rumor was right.

"Of course we wished to repay your loan as soon as possible, there is always so much to do, but when we received your letter I felt obliged to go and get the money in spite of what the weather might be," said Bessie, drawing herself up proudly.

"Forgive me and shake hands, as it will probably be a long time before you see me again, but you know it is your own fault. Only say the word and I will stay at home now," he said, en- treatingly, while Ralph was untiring the horse.



## The Wise Man of the Village

BY MARY E. WILKINS

The first of six striking titles of a supposed New England village, showing Miss Wilkins at her best. In the Christmas issue of

## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

10 Cents: For Sale Everywhere

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia



# Maine Farmer.

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TERMS.  
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WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF  
SUBSCRIPTION.

ADVERTISING.  
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-  
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-  
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.  
MR. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling  
upon our subscribers in Somerset county.  
MR. J. W. KELLLOGG is now calling upon our  
subscribers in Aroostook county.

The year 1896 will be a leap year.

Oil is going up, Rockefeller is getting  
ready to endow another college.

There is a rumor that Hon. S. H. Allen  
proposes to resign the wardenship of the  
Maine State Prison.

There is to be a great reunion and  
parade of the Blue and the Gray in New  
York City, next Fourth of July.

At the meeting of the Republican Na-  
tional Committee in Washington, Tues-  
day, the committee heard the claims of  
the different localities, and at last de-  
cided upon St. Louis, Mo. The time  
fixed upon was Tuesday, June 16.

While Judge Woodbury of Bethel was  
recently leveling a bank in his field he  
found a hole in which were 192 live  
snakes of different sizes and colors.  
And Judge Woodbury is a total abstainer  
from everything that intoxicates!

A prominent Bangor ice merchant says  
the winter's cut on the Penobscot this  
season will not be very large. Nearly all  
the companies have their houses full of  
last winter's ice, and some of them did  
not ship a cake last summer.

The Christmas number of the *Maine  
Central* is a beauty, and its illustrations  
charming. In view of the cold weather,  
we presume the young lady represented  
on the cover is ringing the bell for an  
addition to her scanty wardrobe. This  
number is devoted to Picturesque Port-  
land. It has thirty pages.

There are thirty contested seats in the  
present House of Representatives. The  
testimony on these cases thus far printed  
aggregates seventeen thousand pages; of  
the thirty candidates five will probably  
be disposed of by unanimous agreement  
of the committee. The remaining  
twenty-five contested cases are likely to  
consume thirty-two or three days of the  
time of the House.

Mr. J. D. Rowell of East Madison is  
getting his teams at work on lumbering  
operations on Roach river. Some forty  
years ago he worked over there, and pine  
he operates on this winter, but pine  
was cut then instead of spruce. That  
was when Maine was the "Pine Tree  
State." Spruce is "king" now, but his  
reign in the future is liable to be a short  
one.

It is now hoped to have the new Tre-  
mont Temple in Boston ready for ded-  
icatory services on Easter week. The ded-  
ication ceremonies will extend through  
the whole of the first week following  
dedicatory Sunday. The religious ser-  
vice of dedication will be given on a Sun-  
day morning, and repeated on the same  
evening. If the dedication Sunday is on  
Easter there will be a special Knights  
Templar service in the afternoon.

The sum of \$30,000 has been expended  
in extending Bay Point breakwater in  
Rockland harbor the past season, and be-  
tween 45,000 and 50,000 tons of stone were  
used in the operation. The structure is  
now 2,751 feet in length and is accorded  
one of the finest harbor defenses on the  
New England coast. The structure is  
100 feet wide at the base and 20 feet  
wide at the mark. The steepest north-  
east storms now scarce suffice to ruffle  
the surface of that harbor on the inside.

Mr. A. L. Brown of Belfast has recently  
been south in the interests of the  
Maine Consolidated Milk Company. He has  
been successful in making sales, and is  
now making a tour on the same business  
through the States of Massachusetts,  
Connecticut and New York. A large  
business is being done at the Newport  
factory, and an extra class of calves  
turned out. The pay roll at the estab-  
lishment is an extensive one, scattering  
the solid cash among the farmers.

Harry Mooney, the Brockton, Mass.,  
shoemaker who started penniless from his  
home, July 30, to make a pair of  
shoes for every Governor in the United  
States, has returned home. He was  
taken sick while in Atlanta, Ga., and re-  
turned home at the earnest desire of his  
wife. He states that he intends to start  
out again to carry out his idea as soon  
as domestic matters will permit him.  
He has made shoes for ten Governors,  
including Gov. Cleveland.

A writer in the *Bangor Commercial*  
says: "I was greatly interested in the  
appearance of Adj. Gen. Connor at the  
Bangor House last night. The general was  
the center of admiring attention  
wherever he moved in the house, and  
when he rose to speak he was greeted  
with a storm of enthusiastic applause.  
His recent brave fight with death and his  
rise from what seemed the very valley of  
the shadow, have served to still deeper  
endear him in the hearts of Maine's sol-  
diers and citizens."

Robbinston is indeed a happy place,  
according to the following good words  
by a correspondent of the *Eastport Sen-  
tinel*:

"Perhaps there never has been a  
time in the past, when we had more to be  
thankful for, as a town and a com-  
munity, than at present. Our people  
are generally well and prosperous, and  
most of them have laid in a good supply  
for winter. I hardly know a really poor  
family in town. Our citizens are becom-  
ing more prudent and industrious from  
year to year. Most of our citizens are  
doing a good business; they deserve suc-  
cess, they are hard working, prudent  
men. Upon the whole we have much to  
be thankful for."

## ROAD BUILDING.

Stimulated by what has already been  
attempted in that line, the people of the  
State of New York, in agreement with  
the people in other States, are talking  
about the construction of better roads,  
looking at it purely from a commercial  
standpoint. The next legislature will  
undoubtedly make liberal appropriations  
for the same.

To make this work effective it seems  
to us that a beginning should be made  
by the State, perhaps by way of appro-  
priations to towns, that will make similar  
appropriations.

The country towns ought not to be  
asked to do the whole work; neither are  
they in a condition to do it. When we  
look to Massachusetts we will find that  
the sentiment there in favor of good  
roads is so strong that it found expres-  
sion in the platforms of both the great  
parties in the recent campaign. There  
has been a Highway Commission in  
Massachusetts for some time, and this  
year the legislature appropriated \$400,-  
000 for the construction of roads on the  
new State system. At the next session  
of the legislature it is expected that  
\$1,000,000 will be appropriated for the  
continuation of the work. Petitions for  
road construction by the State Commis-  
sion have been received from two-thirds  
of the towns in the State, and road build-  
ing has been going on this season in sev-  
enty localities. If the petitions now in  
hand are favorably regarded, more than  
700 miles of road will be constructed;  
and it is the belief of the Highway Com-  
missioners that ultimately about 2000  
miles of road will pass under the care of  
the State. This will be about 10 per  
cent. of the whole, which is just about  
the proportion of roads under govern-  
ment care and control in France and Aus-  
tria. But the work accomplished is by  
no means exhausted by that done directly  
by the State, for many of the towns  
which have experienced the benefits of  
good roads have purchased road machin-  
ery with the intention of bettering their  
system generally. The State has also  
done a good thing in setting an excellent  
example by the construction of roads  
which Professor Shaler, one of the Com-  
missioners, says he would be willing to  
enter in a competition with the work of  
the road builders of France.

Connecticut, New Jersey and Rhode  
Island have also rendered State aid in  
road construction, and unquestionably  
something is to be learned from what  
they have done. The Connecticut law  
requires the construction of "a macadam-  
ized road or a telford or other hard  
road, or other road that will at all sea-  
sons of the year be firm, smooth and  
convenient for travel."

We think the next legislature of Maine  
will be called upon to take the initiatory  
steps in this matter. Why should the  
State of Maine fall so far behind her sis-  
ter States, and postpone longer the work  
of supplying roads of this character?  
We hardly think that expensive commis-  
sions will do. We want to expend the  
money that is appropriated upon the  
roads, and not upon commissions. Co-  
operation between the State and the  
towns ought to be brought about by less  
expensive methods.

**Jersey Herd Book.**  
Volume VII. has just been issued of  
the Herd Book of the Maine State Jer-  
sey Cattle Association, compiled from  
official entries. Arranged and edited  
by that veteran in the business, Mr.  
N. R. Pike of Winthrop. The volume,  
which was neatly printed at the office  
of the *Maine Farmer*, contains 131  
pages. It contains the pedigrees, clearly  
stated and conveniently arranged, of  
six hundred and thirty-two animals, and  
no effort has been spared in making the  
work reliable, and worthy the confidence  
of all breeders and owners of thorough-  
bred Jersey cattle. The animals are  
all classified, a copious index telling the  
reader where he can find just what he is  
searching for. Added to this is the pre-  
amble, constitution and by-laws of the  
association, and a full list of mem-  
bers. Of course each member should  
have a copy. Address N. R. Pike, Win-  
throp, Secretary and Treasurer.

**L. G. Downes Dead.**  
Hon. L. G. Downes died at his resi-  
dence in Calais, Thursday afternoon,  
after a short illness. He was born in  
Calais, October 26, 1830, graduated at  
Bowdoin College in 1850, being a class-  
mate and close friend of Speaker Reed,  
and was admitted to the bar a few years  
later, and has practiced constantly since.  
He was elected Mayor of Calais in  
1870, and declined a reelection. He was  
elected a member of the Governor's  
Council in 1875 and again in '85 and '86  
and from '91 to '95. He was Judge of  
Probate in '92 and '93. He was elected  
president of the Calais National Bank in  
'79, and city treasurer in '90. He has  
served in both capacities continuously  
since. He was a member of the Repub-  
lican State committee the past four years.  
Calais has few citizens whose loss will  
be so severely felt. He was public spir-  
ited, and anything that promised to ad-  
vance the welfare of his native city had  
his hearty support. The growth and  
prosperity following the building of the  
St. Croix cotton mills and shoe factory  
was largely due to his tireless efforts.  
He leaves a son and daughter.

**Archibald MacNichol Dead.**  
Hon. Archibald MacNichol died at his  
home in Calais, Monday morning, after  
a prolonged illness, aged 55. After a com-  
mon school education he studied law  
in the office of George B. Burns. After  
practicing a short time in Eastport he  
went to Calais, and after the death of  
Mr. Burns succeeded to his large prac-  
tice and advanced rapidly. For years he  
was the most successful jury advocate in  
the Washington county bar and one of  
the leading and most influential Demo-  
crats in Eastern Maine. He was a mem-  
ber of the Democratic State committee  
several years, but was never a candidate  
for public office himself, until elected  
City Solicitor by a Republican Board of  
Aldermen, April last, which office he  
held at the time of his death. He leaves  
a widow, three sons and two daughters.

The thirty-third annual meeting of the  
Maine Press Association will be held at  
Portland, on Wednesday and Thursday,  
Jan. 8 and 9. Opening session on Wed-  
nesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, in the  
rooms of the Common Council, city build-  
ing. Literary exercises Thursday  
afternoon.

In Mr. Cochrane's letter last week, he  
said, "In October the weather was tropi-  
cal a large portion of the time, etc." He  
intended to say "in September, etc."

## WAYSIDE NOTES.

**Who keeps his eyes and ears open, sees  
and hears much to approve as well as con-  
demn.**

A little country town of seven to eight  
hundred inhabitants may, sometimes, by  
the liberality of friends, be better fitted  
for mental and social growth than many  
an aspiring town or city. We found  
such a settlement the other day, where  
there was a neat brick library building,  
containing four thousand volumes, and  
having a yearly income of several hun-  
dred dollars, a very attractive school  
house, and opposite a large boarding  
house, a pretty park in the centre of the  
village, and a town hall ample for all  
purposes, and well equipped. In ad-  
dition to these there is a bequest which  
provides for a yearly series of free lec-  
tures, ten or more in number, the only  
conditions being that one shall treat of  
agriculture, one of political economy,  
and one shall be an entertainment espe-  
cially for the young. Thus in the wis-  
dom of the fathers of this little agri-  
cultural town, away up near the Hoosac  
mountains, the opportunity is freely  
offered for as good mental and social  
growth as can be found in many cities.  
Men of means have in this an example  
worthy of imitation, and a more endur-  
ing monument cannot be erected.

We talk about the growth of the dairy  
industry, but the public has little ap-  
preciation of what the farmers are doing  
to add to the wealth of the State, save as  
when figures are presented. At the  
Massachusetts Winter Board Meeting  
last week, Editor Whitaker, in an able  
paper on the milk supply of Boston,  
stated that five or six butter factories in  
Maine had furnished this one city the  
present year over \$85,000 worth of cream.  
A pretty good record, and the demand is  
by no means met. We may not be able  
to ship milk to the great centres, but we  
may send a more concentrated product,  
and retain that which will most rapidly  
increase the earning value of the farms  
of Maine.

If by the closing of the rum shops of  
New York on Sundays, the working  
classes are saving so that there have  
been added to the savings banks, from  
this class alone, \$2,900,000, who is the  
sufferer? Has the public any right to  
listen to the cry of the saloon that its  
interests are affected? There's a lesson  
of tremendous import in that array of  
figures, both from a financial as well as  
social standpoint. They prove that men  
prefer to save rather than squander, and  
need only the restraining hand of good  
government to aid them.

There's a little act among the laws of  
Maine which is signally neglected by  
towns, yet which has in it the means of  
doing more to testify to the enterprise  
of inhabitants than almost any other. It  
is that in regard to the placing of  
guideboards at the junction of all roads  
for the information of travelers. The  
town where the school buildings,  
churches and guideboards are attended  
to will attract investments and call in  
home builders.

It was a little matter when General  
Mann reduced the freight rate on  
potatoes three cents a bushel from  
Aroostook, but when applied to the  
crop in that county, it means profit to  
the grower rather than loss. It is the  
sum total of these little things which  
tells the story of success, either with  
corporations or individuals. Don't  
neglect to give full credit for the little  
which, multiplied, makes the much.

The unstable nature of the patent  
medicine business is readily seen in the  
tremendous shrinkage in the value of  
stock of many of the companies, and the  
utter failure of others. People who rely  
on nostrums to prevent, as well as  
cure, and so "every dog" in the form  
of a new remedy, "has his day." If,  
instead, we could but appreciate the  
fact that there is nothing in drugs  
which can cure, that they only aid  
nature, and that good care, proper food  
and rest will do far more, thousands of  
dollars would be saved yearly by the  
people of Maine.

May not a measure of responsibility  
for the increase of crime among the  
young, be charged with as good grace on  
the newspapers which have fed an un-  
natural appetite by giving the fullest  
publicity to the most disgusting details,  
as to the mass of cheap literature,  
vicious in every sense? It makes no  
difference where the boy gets the food  
on which his passions feed, it is evil,  
even though coming from the pages of  
the weekly newspaper. "The public  
demand it," they say, but the real  
reason is, it sells the paper.

**Young Man Shoots Himself.**  
Sunday, the 1st, a young man 25 years  
old apparently, with dark hair and eyes  
and smooth face, went to the Preble  
House, Portland, and registered as John  
Vose of New York. He kept out of  
sight until Wednesday, when he was  
seen to buy a cigar at the news stand.  
That night Mr. White, the landlord,  
thought it time the young man paid his  
bill, so he sent to his room and asked  
him to come to his office. The man re-  
plied that he would be down shortly,  
but did not appear.

Later Mr. White and the clerk went to  
the room and knocked, but got no re-  
sponse and then burst open the door.  
The young man was lying on the bed  
with his head covered with the bed  
clothes. He had fired five shots into his  
head from a 7 shot 22 calibre revolver,  
and was unconscious. A doctor was  
called, and he was at once removed to  
the Maine General Hospital, where it  
was found that four of five shots had  
entered his head and that two of them  
had penetrated the brain. It was found  
that he was Edward E. Elder, son of William  
E. Elder, residing teller of the Revere  
Bank of Boston. He was a student at  
the Massachusetts Institute of Technol-  
ogy, and lived with his parents at West  
Newton. He was 23 and had recently  
completed a course of six years at the  
Naval Academy at Annapolis. He had  
been studying hard of late, and his  
health was not good. He was despond-  
ent over the failure to pass a physical  
examination. He had never before been  
absent without notifying his parents, and  
his wandering away from home can only  
be accounted for by the theory of tempo-  
rary derangement. He died at the Maine  
General Hospital, Thursday, from the  
effects of his wounds.

## Congressional.

A raft of bills was presented in both  
branches on Wednesday.

In the Senate, petitions were pre-  
sented for the recognition of Cuban  
revolutionaries.

Mr. Hoar (Mass.) offered the follow-  
ing resolution, which was referred to  
the Committee on Foreign Relations:

**Resolved,** That the Senate will sup-  
port the President in the most vigorous  
action he may deem fit to take for the  
protection and security of American citi-  
zens in Turkey, and to obtain redress  
for injuries committed upon such citi-  
zens there.

**Resolved,** That the President be de-  
clared to have known the government  
of Turkey the strong feeling of regret  
and indignation with which the people  
of America have heard of the injuries in-  
flicted upon persons of the Christian  
faith in Turkey, and that the American  
people cannot be expected to view with  
indifference any repetition or continu-  
ance of such wrongs.

The resolution went to the calendar.  
The popularists in the Senate have  
voted to stand together as a political  
party.

In Senate, Thursday, Mr. Gallinger  
(N. H.) offered a resolution declaring it  
the sense of the Senate that it is  
unwise and inexpedient to retire the  
greenbacks, and it was referred to the  
Committee on Finance.

Mr. Call of Florida made a speech in  
favor of Cuban independence. The  
resolution on that subject, was refer-  
red to the Committee on Foreign  
Relations.

In House, Friday, among the measures  
introduced were bills granting State-  
hood to Alaska, Nevada and New Mex-  
ico. Mr. Harris of Ohio introduced the  
first tariff bill of this Congress, which  
seeks to revise the woolen schedule, and  
for that purpose divides all articles  
of the woolen schedule into three  
classes.

Class 1.—Merino and wools of the  
merino blood, immediate or remote,  
dressed, cleaned, or otherwise prepared,  
including as heretofore imported from  
Buenos Ayres, New Zealand, Australia,  
Cape of Good Hope, Russia, and else-  
where, and all wools not designated in  
classes two and three.

Class 2.—Lancaster, Cotswold, Lincoln-  
shire, and other wools, including as heretofore  
imported from England, and all wools  
usually known by these terms, and also  
the hair of the camel, goat, alpaca or other  
like animal.

Class 3.—Donkoi native, South Ameri-  
can, Cordova, Valparaiso, native Smyrna,  
of the New Hampshire State, and all  
like carriage imported from Turkey,  
Greece, Egypt, Syria, etc., excepting  
improved wools.

The most exhaustive classification to be  
provided the Treasury Department.  
Provision is made for fixing the duties  
on made wools and all wools, the value  
of which is sought to be either de-  
creased or enhanced. Washed wool to  
be a duty twice as much as unwashed,  
and scoured wool three times as much.

The duty fixed is: On all wools and  
hair of the first class, eleven cents per  
pound; all wools and hair of the second  
class, eight cents per pound; wools of  
the third class, and camel's hair of the  
same class, valued less than thirteen  
cents a pound, to pay a duty of thirty-  
two per cent. ad valorem value, includ-  
ing charges of fifty per cent. Wools on  
the skin are to pay the same duty as  
other wools.

Representative Royce of Indiana pre-  
sented a monster petition for the recog-  
nition of the Cuban revolutionaries. It  
originated at Elkhart, Indiana, and has  
been circulated through every State and  
territory in the Union, and contains  
92,200 signatures.

A large number of bills were presented  
in both branches, Monday, in Senate,  
Mr. Quay (Pa.) presented bill to es-  
tablish postal savings banks. It provides  
for deposits from ten cents to \$10 at all  
money order post offices, for interest on  
deposits of ten cents and over, and for  
Mr. Palmer (Ill.) presented bill grant-  
ing a uniform pension of \$50 a month  
to all who lost a hand or foot in the war,  
and \$90 to all those who lost an entire  
limb.

In House, Monday, Mr. Johnson (Ind.)  
presented bill to increase the circulation  
of national banks by authorizing them  
to take out circulating notes to the par  
value of the bonds they hold, and to  
Mr. Smith (Ill.) presented bill to re-  
duce letter postage to one cent per half  
ounce.

The House passed resolutions, Tues-  
day, condemning the speech of American  
minister, Mr. Bayard, at Boston, Eng.

Our neighbors of the *Kennebec Journal*  
publish two most excellent papers—  
the weekly and the daily. They are  
progressive papers, and keep fully up  
with the times. Its central position at  
the State capital gives the *Journal* ad-  
vantages as a newspaper which are  
enjoyed by few papers in the State.  
Every day its reporters visit the State  
House, and secure the latest and most  
authentic news from the State depart-  
ments. Its position as the official State  
paper also enables it to present many  
matters of public interest to its read-  
ers in a way which cannot be done by any  
other paper. It is also the owner of a  
United Press franchise, and daily ob-  
tains from all parts of the world the  
latest news despatches, and its record of  
public events is complete and accurate.  
There is no important news matter in or  
out of the State that is not covered by  
the *Journal*. Published by Burleigh &  
Flynt, Augusta.

The old *Eastern Argus*, Portland, is  
out with its annual announcement. The  
*Argus* is in touch with the people of the  
State of Maine in local and State news.  
It covers the sporting and social life  
of the State, and goes to make a  
first class newspaper. And for those  
who like its politics, it is just the paper.  
The *Daily Argus* is sent for 50 cents per  
month, or \$6.00 per year in advance, and  
\$7.00 at end of the year, free of postage.  
The *Weekly Argus*, including the Satur-  
day edition, is sent at these rates: One  
copy, 1 year, free of postage, \$1.50 in ad-  
vance, or \$2.00 at the end of the year.  
Clubs of 10, free of postage, \$10.00 in ad-  
vance. Published by John M. Adams &  
Co., 99 Exchange street, Portland.

There is a fine lot of toilet and fancy  
articles for Christmas holiday gifts at  
Partridge's Old Reliable Drug  
Store, opposite post office. These will  
be cleaned out at very low prices this  
season. Mr. Partridge will have the day  
before Christmas a big lot of free  
greenhouse flowers and English holly  
for decoration.

—Horace Nelson at Waterville is  
wintering about 200 horses and mares.  
At the Mountain Hill farm, owned by  
Appleton Webb they are wintering  
three steeds this winter, instead of 50  
old last year. These are Edmond, by  
Nelson, Mountaineer and Hilda, by Nel-  
son. Each of these animals will be cam-  
paigning in the spring.

The Kennebec Steamboat Co.'s boats  
have had a prosperous season. The  
gross receipts will be considerably in ex-  
cess of last season's business.

## MASSACHUSETTS WINTER BOARD MEETING.

The Governor of Massachusetts is  
ex-officio President of the Board of  
Agriculture, and at the more important  
gatherings is expected to be present to  
preside over the deliberations, and pro-  
mote the interest of the sessions. This  
year the meeting was held in the very  
attractive village of Dalton, on the  
western slope of the Berkshire hills, and  
nearly out to the western line of the  
State. It was a representative meeting,  
for with the thirty-five members, there  
went many of the earnest agricultural  
workers of the State. In addition there  
were representatives from Maine, New  
Hampshire, Connecticut and Wisconsin.

In this village may be found one of the  
great paper mills of New England,  
where the light and paper for the  
Government is manufactured. With the  
wealth secured through many years of  
labor, the present proprietors have  
wisely distributed much about the vil-  
lage, and the result is a beautiful  
library building, ample, complete in all  
departments, with double halls, and  
furnished throughout, is one of the gifts  
of these enterprising men, while the  
hotel, one of the most elegant to be  
found in any country town, is practi-  
cally a new one.

The regular sessions of the meeting  
were presided over by the honored Vice  
President, who, from the day the board  
was organized, has filled the position,  
and now in his old age looks back on  
nearly a half century of service in the  
interest of agriculture.

In the business meetings the reports  
of the Gypsy Moth Commission de-  
veloped the fact that while appropriations  
have not been what were asked for, and  
necessary, yet the ravages of the pest  
have been confined within the original  
area. This is a subject in which Maine  
must be directly interested, and the fact  
that through the watchfulness and  
thoroughness of the commission, in spite  
of all the means of transportation, there  
has been no great export of the pest, is  
the very best evidence of the wisdom  
of the legislature in creating and continuing  
the work of protection to the public.

The same time, in order that the evil  
may be wiped out, more extensive opera-  
tions are necessary. The State of New  
England, at least, is intimately con-  
nected and financially interested.

The first and one of the best addresses  
was by Hon. N. D. Bachelder, Secretary  
of the New Hampshire State Board of  
Agriculture, his subject being, "How  
can the Board of Agriculture best help  
the Farmers?" He was followed by Dr.  
Twitchell of Maine, and others.

The most exhaustive address was by  
Geo. W. Whitaker, editor of *New Eng-  
land Farmer*, on the milk supply of Mas-  
sachusetts cities. It was a valuable pro-  
duction.

A strong plea was made for maintain-  
ing the standard, requiring frequent in-  
spection and superior cleanliness. Ex-  
Gov. Hoar spoke on dairying, but as  
the principal points will be reported in  
connection with the meeting at Norway,  
we only emphasize what is the universal  
verdict, that no man comes from a New  
England audience better equipped with  
the substantial milk of the dairy world  
or able to secure a more substantial dish  
than this able exponent of advanced  
methods in the care of dairy stock or  
manufacturer of its products.

We did not hear the charming paper  
on "Ethics of hooks," by Mrs. L. L. L.  
Towler of Freedom, New Hampshire.  
Prof. Lindsay, in his clear setting  
forth of the ways in which the agricul-  
tural college helps the farmer, pre-  
sented the indirect as well as direct  
avenues of knowledge to the farmer, and  
less than \$250 yearly, a young man may  
obtain a thorough and complete train-  
ing in the principles and practices which  
are at the foundation of successful life  
in any profession.

Dr. F. H. Osgood, chairman of the  
Cattle Commission, spoke on "Rational  
Stable Management," urging cleanli-  
ness, pure air, sunshine, abundance of  
fresh water, and harmonious relations  
throughout.

It was a great pleasure to listen to  
Gov. Greenhalge, one of the most elo-  
quent speakers of the day, at the ban-  
quet, Tuesday evening. He was a help-  
ful address to every man seeking to advance  
the cause of agriculture.

A fitting close came in the presenta-  
tion by the Governor to Sec'y Sessions,  
of a beautiful watch, which was a help-  
ful birthday. It came as a testimonial  
from the members of the board with  
whom he had labored so long. A testimonial  
of friendship for the man and appreciation  
of his unselfish efforts in connection with  
his manifold duties.

**Institutes in Knox County.**  
Sec'y McKee with Prof. Harvey and  
Dr. G. M. Twitchell held two institutes  
in Knox county at West Rockport, 29th  
and 30th, under the able management  
of Mr. J. C. Clark. He was a help-  
ful address to every man seeking to advance  
the cause of agriculture.

Good audiences greeted the speakers,  
the number at Waterville being  
the largest. The subject, "Dairying and  
Feeding," was discussed by Sec'y McKee.  
"Weeds and Insect Pests," by Dr.  
Harvey, and "Principles governing  
Scientific Poultry Growing," by Dr.  
Twitchell.

Grade stock, an increase in home grown  
grains, better knowledge of food nutrients  
and more complete application of the  
knowledge in feeding were the points  
emphasized. The same remarks were em-  
phatic in his condemnation of so called  
"cattle foods" which owe their value to  
the small per cent. of food they may  
contain, while the enormous price  
paid for them renders them but a bur-  
densome and profitless to the feeder.  
Good health is not promoted by their  
use, and with good health such "foods"  
are a positive injury.

Prof. Harvey declared that the remedy  
for weed pests is to be found largely in  
prevention. Learn nature and habits.  
If annuals, prevent from seeding; bi-  
annuals, pull or cut below crown; per-  
ennials, pull and cultivate.

Inspect seeds carefully. The State  
should protect from this injustice of  
food weed seeds by authorizing inspec-  
tion of grains and grass seed, "Insect  
pests," and "Weeds," and the inspec-  
tor should be given the right to ex-  
amine and condemn any seed that is  
infested with insects or weeds.

At the meeting of Capital Grange,  
Patrons of Husbandry, Saturday evening,  
the following officers were elected:  
Master, Charles F. Fletcher; Overseer,  
Will L. Brown; Lecturer, George M.  
Twitchell; Steward, Charles Sylvester;  
Assistant Steward, Mrs. Emma R. Syl-  
vester; Chaplain, Mrs. Chas. E. Savage;  
Treasurer, John H. Yeaton; Secretary,  
Chas. J. House; Gate Keeper, D. E.  
Savage; Flora, Mrs. Martha J. Fifield;  
Pomona, Mrs. Abbie E. House; Ceres,  
Mrs. Ella A. Fletcher; Lady Assistant  
Steward, Miss Anna L. Cottle. It was  
also voted to entertain Pomona Grange,  
Jan. 8, at Golden Cross Hall. The  
address of welcome will be given by  
Mr. J. H. Manley.

Some of our exchanges are having a  
great time over the prospect of introduc-  
ing a bicycle boat invented by a tele-  
graph operator at Seattle. Its construc-  
tion is of the simplest, being a combina-  
tion of whaleback boat and bicycle.  
The bicycle is mounted amidships, the  
power exerted on the pedals being trans-  
ferred to a propeller arranged at the  
stern. The rudder is operated by a  
bicycle handlebar, and the boat shell is a  
steel framework covered with canvas.  
Now, Captain M. Smith of this city, for-  
mer commander of the swift sailing  
Emma Belle, has a bicycle boat in suc-  
cessful operation all last summer on  
Cobscookscote Lake, and although he  
cashed a very grave once or twice,  
the craft otherwise performed its func-  
tion admirably.







## Poetry.

## A FLOWER FROM MY ANGEL MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I've a casket at home that is filled with precious gems;  
I have pictures of friends dear to me;  
And I have pictures so rare, that came many years ago  
From my far distant home across the sea.  
But there's one sweet little treasure that I'll ever dearly prize,  
Better far than all the wealth beneath the wave;  
That's a small faded flower that I placed in childhood's days,  
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.

## Chorus.

Treasured in my memory like a happy dream  
Are the loving words she gave;  
And my heart fondly clings to the dry and withered leaves—  
'Tis a flower from my angel mother's grave.  
In the quiet country churchyard they laid her down to sleep,  
Close beside the old home she's at rest;  
And the low, sacred mound is enshrined within my heart,  
By the sweet ties of love forever blest.  
In the still and silent night I often dream of home again,  
And the vision ever tells me to be brave;  
For the last link that binds me to the place I love so well  
Is the flower from my angel mother's grave.

For the Maine Farmer.

## OUR CIRCLE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Forth from the dust we spring, and run  
About the green earth's patient breast—  
Our little day; at set of sun  
Into her bosom creep, and rest.

## Our Story Teller.

## MY MODEL.

BY WILL LIENBERG.

I was anxious to leave Italy for the north, for already the warm season, with its breath of malaria and fever sweeping up from the Campagna, had come, making the Eternal City a most uninviting place of abode.

I made a hurried journey to Naples, and there took passage in the first vessel for Marseilles. There were reasons for my hurry to quit Italy, yet my leaving was not without some sharp pangs of regret, for the vision of a pale, sweet face and dark-brown eyes haunted me—ah! and would haunt me as long as memory endured.

It seemed like a dream, now, as I tried to recall the scene of my first meeting with Verda Seldoroff. It was a cold day in January, with a bitter wind sweeping down from the Apennines; and rolling over the dreary waste of houseless Campagna a gray mist came silent and ghostlike.

The light had been bad all day, baffling my efforts to bring out the colors desired to transfer to the canvas. I threw my brush aside, and, drawing on a heavy coat, I descended the worn stone steps of the old ruin under whose roof I had established my studio.

At the foot of the stairs lay the limp, lifeless figure of a girl, her scant and faded garments steeped in the chilling rain and mist. Her eyes were closed, and her face was pale as if death had already claimed her. I spoke to her, and when she showed no signs of returning consciousness I took her in my arms and bore her to my studio.

I laid her on a couch, which I drew close to the fire that blazed in the wide grate. I brought some wine and forced it between her lips, and was rewarded by seeing her eyes flutter and a faint color come into her cheeks.

She looked wonderingly about the room, a vague surprise kindling in her dark-brown eyes.  
"You are ill," I said, speaking in Italian. "I found you at the foot of the stairs and brought you to my studio. Shall I send a message to your home?"

She threw out her hand with a little gesture of dissent.  
"I have no home, signor," she replied in a low, musical voice, a hopeless, despairing look coming over her face.

"But surely you have some place to stay—some friends at least?" I said.  
"No—none!" she replied, with a shiver.  
Her words and the hopeless look upon her face moved me strangely. Could it be that one so young, so beautiful was friendless and homeless?

She looked into my face, and seemed to divine my thoughts.  
"Ah! there are thousands of such as I in Rome," she said. "We live in the shelter of the churches, under the bridges, or in the ground like rats—anywhere where shelter can be found."  
She arose and stood leaning against the mantel before the blazing fire, her thin, clinging garments showing the outlines of a full, supple form, her hands clasped before her, her eyes, upon the high window, through which a glimpse of the Pantheon, white and ghostlike, loomed through the gray mist.

Never before had I beheld such beauty of form and face. There was a subtle witchery in her very presence, and her every movement was full of unstudied grace.

Ah, what a picture she made, standing there in the old ruin, the gray light from the high Gothic window falling like silver filaments about her!

This was my first meeting.

"She is such a sweet creature, so innocent, so beautiful, so good," declared my landlady, an Englishwoman who kept lodgings just across the court.  
"And it is so fortunate that you should find so beautiful a model for your picture."

Every day the little Italian beauty came from the lodgings I had procured for her of my landlady; and every day it seemed that her presence filled me with a new delight.

So the winter went by, and out on the Campagna the breath of spring was bringing to life the lilies and the white stars of Bethlehem. Still I lingered. My painting had long since received the finishing touches, but my model still came, just as in the past, and I would sketch her in different positions, till from a score of leaves in my sketch book the same sweet face greeted me.

Had I really grown to love her? How often that question came into my mind! But I would dismiss it. It was time enough to think of this by and by. So the days went by—happy days, days long to be remembered by me.

There were times when I could not disguise the fact that I loved her, and I would be tempted to tell her of my feelings, to ask her to become my wife. Then the thought would come: Was

she not friends say? No, I would keep silent. I would wait till I knew my feelings better. Yes, I would wait. Heaven forgive me, the time was soon to come when I should know my mind better.

One evening she came to my studio a half-hour late, and I thought I detected traces of mental anguish upon her face, but I hardly noticed it at the time.

Ah, how well I remember her leaving the studio that evening! She stopped by my side a moment as she was going out, and with a sudden impulse threw her arms about me and pressed her lips to mine.

"The Holy Virgin protect you!" she said, and then she was gone.

That night my landlady handed me a bit of paper, upon which Verda had written:  
"I shall never see you again. I must leave my dear Italy forever. May the Holy Virgin watch over and protect you is the prayer of VERDA."

She was gone. I should never see her again. The thought came to me in all its painful reality. Then it was that I knew my mind—knew that I loved and with all the passion of my soul—knew that life without her would be a living torture.

I searched for her like one in a dream, but no trace of her could I discover. Then I turned my back upon Rome. I believed she had fled to France, and there I intended to renew my search.

The Corsica in which I took passage, was a most forbidding-looking brig, manned by a captain and crew of swarthy Italians of the lower and most vicious class. But I preferred even this to the torture of waiting for another vessel.

Verda had once spoken to me of some relative who had gone to Marseilles, and I cherished a faint hope that in some inexplicable way I should find her there.

Being a young man of independent means, with a strong passion for the collection of works of art, I had come to Rome prepared to gather a large assortment of curios, but subsequent events caused me to change all my plans.

But strange adventures were to befall me before my voyage should come to an end. It all came about in the most accidental manner, one of those little occurrences which sometimes seem so trivial at first, but which subsequently play such an important part in our lives.

While my baggage was being trundled into my cab, the fastenings of one of my trunks gave way, and out through the aperture poured a handful of gold, some I had taken with me to Rome to purchase some costly bric-a-brac. Although I noticed the greedy light that came into the sailor's eyes as they fell on the gold, I gave the matter no further thought.

The night following was extremely sultry, and being unable to sleep in the close air of the cabin I went on deck, and, walking aft, threw myself on a coil of rope. I was about falling asleep when the sound of voices aroused me. I arose to a sitting posture, and as I did so perceived the dark outlines of two men standing aft, conversing in low tones. I recognized the voices as coming from the captain and the sailor who had brought my baggage into my cabin, and I was about to call to them, and evidently unaware of my presence, I only remained a few moments listening to their words; then I stole away, a feeling of dreadful apprehension and horror coming over me. The words of the two had disclosed to me a dreadful plot—a foul plot to murder me and secure the gold of which the crafty Italian sailor had had a glimpse.

It was easy to see how the sight of the gold might lead the villainous crew to believe that my trunks were heavily freighted with the precious coin, for it is usual for the average foreigner of the lower class to think that every American is possessed of unlimited wealth.

Unperceived by the plotters I stole to the companionway and went below. Once in my cabin I locked my door, and throwing myself on my bunk, began to rack my brain for some way out of the critical situation.

It was easy to see how the villains might accomplish their design. They had me entirely at their mercy. To pitch me overboard would be the work of a moment for the muscular sailors. And there would be little danger of their crime ever coming to light. But I was determined to be on my guard.

Already a plan for outwitting the conspirators had formed itself in my mind, and I now set to work to put it into execution. My plan was to lead them to believe I had fallen overboard, then secretly myself in the hold and wait for some opportunity to escape.

Luckily I had among my effects a small saw, which I had used in remodeling some stretchers in my studio. I first cut a hole in the cabin floor; then by the use of the saw cut out a sufficient space to admit my body. This done, I slipped through into the hold, managing as I did so to cover the aperture by a strip of sail which I had used as a kind of carpet in my dingy cabin.

Among the cargo, as luckily I had already learned, were such stores of provisions as would enable me to live without suffering from hunger. Besides, there were several casks of water in the main hold.

I found the darkness almost oppressive as I descended into the hold. Gropping, I made my way aft through the darkness as best I could, passing over a lot of casks, which, from their smell, I judged to be filled with crude olive oil.

On reaching the bulkhead, I found the door fast closed, and it was with considerable difficulty that I managed to slide it sufficiently to admit my body. Passing through the opening I entered the after part of the hold and closed the door. Then creeping back and secreting myself behind a pile of cargo, I tried to reflect calmly upon my situation.

Of course, there was danger of being discovered, yet, fortified as I was behind walls of freight, and armed with a pistol of the most approved American workmanship—I might hold my own against the attack of a small army.

Musing thus, I lay for hours; then a drowsiness came over me and I slept. I had been asleep but a short time, when I was suddenly awakened. I rose up, my senses all returning in a moment. The ship was pitching violently, and the roar of the waves was appalling.

I had barely time to note this when I heard, or thought I heard, a man issuing from the darkness close by. I listened, but it was not repeated. Could

A NOBLE LIFE.  
SPENT FOR AND WITH SUFFERING WOMEN.

## A Life's Work Perpetuated through a Faithful Daughter, and Records of Priceless Value.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LATEST READERS.)  
What a vast amount of misery and suffering has been prevented by the clear-headed foresight of one noble woman! She had struggled, labored, and sacrificed for the welfare of her sex.

The eyes of the women of the world were upon her.



As she recalled the past, and tried to penetrate the future, a smile of supreme satisfaction passed over her honest face as she thought of the life she had lived.

The room in which she sat contained hundreds of volumes of records; and, turning to her daughter, she said,—"My daughter, this room, as you well know, contains the records of my life's work, in which for many years you have so diligently assisted me."

"By earnest application you have compassed my methods; and it is a happy thought to think that when I leave, the glorious work will, through you, go on."

"The mission is a noble one. Do as I have done: never permit a woman's appeals to be unheeded."

"The records of every case ever submitted to me; and it is my wish that the facts they contain shall in time prove a much-needed education to the women of the world."

Thus Lydia E. Pinkham laid over to her daughter, Mrs. Charles E. Pinkham, what may be termed the salvation of her sex; and that wonderful remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as standard as flour, goes on redeeming hundreds of women from the fearful consequences of female diseases.

I have been mistaken? I drew a watch from my pocket and struck a light. As the tiny flame dispelled the darkness, I gazed quickly about me. As I did so, my eyes encountered a figure crouching among the bales of goods not two yards from where I sat, the figure of a woman. As the flash of light fell upon her, she arose with a low, agonized cry, and stood facing me.

A single glance sufficed to reveal her identity. I stood as if stupefied, my senses in a mad whirl.

"Verda, my love!" I cried, and the next moment I had taken her in my arms. I felt her warm lips upon mine, the pressure of her arms as she clung to me, heard the little, half-smothered cry of joy that came from her lips, and for the moment I forgot all else—forgot the dangers of my situation, the perils that might menace us both, only conscious of one thing, and that was the presence of the one I loved, she whom I had lost, but had now found.

For a long time I know not how long—I surrendered myself to the sweet joy that came from her lips, and until the new dangers forced themselves upon my attention did I awake from my dream of love to the dreadful realization of our situation.

The pitching of the brig had now become so violent that it was difficult to retain our footing. I could feel the vessel shudder as the waves struck her, and now and then a splash of water, mingled with the rush of the wind, came in hideous clamor from above. Then came the sound of breaking timbers, followed by the crashing of the cabin skylights, with the awful sound of waters dashing into the hold.

These sounds were freighted with dreadful import, for I now realized with a sinking heart that the brig must soon go to the bottom of the sea.

I had barely time to realize the dreadful situation when the brig lurched violently. I pitched forward and the next moment was hurled downward. My head struck some hard object, and then I knew no more.

When consciousness returned I was lying in one of the cabins of the Utopia, an English steamer bound for Southampton, the face of Verda bending over me.

We had been taken off the Corsican at daybreak by the Utopia's crew. The brig had been so disabled by the storm that the crew had deserted her, and she went down shortly after the Utopia's boat had cleared the wreck.

Verda soon told me the story of her life.

She had lost her parents when a child, and had lived with her brother, her only living relative. But a year before he had become involved in some secret political movement for the liberation of Italy, and had been forced to flee from his native land. Anton Pecora, a shopkeeper, who dealt in curios, had given her employment in his shop after her brother's departure. But finally Pecora had fallen in love with her, and when she refused to marry him, he turned her out, homeless. It was about this time that I first met her. Later she again encountered Pecora, who renewed his suit, and when she repulsed him he told her that he had discovered her brother's whereabouts, and unless she consented to marry him he would place the information he had obtained in the hands of the authorities, which would mean a disgraceful death for her brother. It was then that she fled from home for the purpose of warning her brother of the threatened danger. She went first to Naples, where she arrived almost penniless and in despair; but, feeling that her brother's life depended upon her exertions, she resolved to obtain passage to France in some way.

After repeated failures to obtain passage in any of the vessels in port, in a fit of desperation she crept aboard the Corsica, stowed herself in the hold. When the Utopia touched at Mar-

seilles she disembarked, and when, a few days later, I took passage for America, I took Verda with me as my wife, while among the passengers who looked longingly toward the shores of the new world was Victor Seldoroff, Verda's brother, for whom she had dared so much.—N. Y. Ledger.

## A SHAM BATTLE.

BY S. RHETT ROMAN.

I had not smelt gunpowder on a large scale for quite a number of years, all my time and energy of late being devoted to commercial pursuits.

But I had seen a good deal of it some 30 years ago, when I was a slim and wildly enthusiastic youth, and had marched and bivouacked and fought in the west and around the Potomac, and even to-day, when I happen to see a body of men, well equipped and drilled by the old fire, and the pride I had in my crack company, the color company of the fine old 20th, comes back to me like a hot wave.

But when a man has reached the fifties, is somewhat corpulent and rusty in the knees, he is not apt to be very martial in spirits; and he seems to prefer, after his hot day's tussle for dollars and cents against other men's greed for the same, to prefer a quiet afternoon smoke and chat, or a Sunday of mental relaxation, to anything like extra exertion in the way of unusual sight-seeing.

So when Stapleton said: "Say, Dick, come on and let's see what this sham battle is like," I naturally demurred. We were sitting together at the club, most of the other men having gone off on a trip some months, to finish up the hot summer months and to get some invigorating air into their lungs, and a few tonifying ideas by their sojourn in big cities and crowded summer resorts, where old prejudices and fashions are discarded to give place to novel impressions and original concepts.

"A sham battle!" I said, contemptuously. "The idea of making a puppet show of so desperately earnest and tragic a thing as an armed struggle between men, whose effort is to defeat and destroy those opposed to them. No, thanks. I don't think I care to witness a paltry make-believe fight."

"But," said Stapleton, who is an agreeable fellow, acquainted with the amenities of life and can distinguish good from bad wine, and who himself had had quite an experience with gunpowder, shell and shot, as officer in a New York regiment. "You prefer the real thing. A skirmish line of sharpshooters ranged under cover along the thin edge of a wood; a right heavy line of musketeers, and the right and the left, deployed in the open field behind; an occasional shell whizzing through the air, a sort of preliminary foretaste of the coming engagement, and the heavy booming of distant cannon on the heights, where Wright and Getton's divisions are assaulting his confederate lines."

I sat up in my chair and threw away my cigar.

"Confound you, Stapleton, get your hat and come along," I said. "But look here, man," I remarked, as we went down the steps and toward the electric cars. "I suppose this sham battle won't be much to look at. But don't you re-arrange any of your federal army airs."

"The old days are past and gone, with their excitement, heroism, suffering, defeat and triumph. We are all out for dollars and cents nowadays. For progress and good living. We won't, either you or I, bring up any episode of those grand old campaigning days of ours, or revert to those scenes, where you must admit, the gray and the blue showed before the brown fellows' overpowering numbers. Never were lines better held, old fellow, than those entrenchments."

"Now hold up," said Stapleton, as we got in the car. "I thought you said we were to avoid reminiscences."

"That's a fact," I acquiesced. "We won't."

Then we sped on and soon reached the approaches of the City park, with its magnificent centenary oaks, whose overhanging boughs have witnessed more than one tragedy in the old days of easy affront and its quick revenge.

"Great Scott!" said Stapleton, when we started out for the grounds. "We have to walk about six blocks before we can get to see what's going on."

"So it seems," I said, as we trudged along the planking of a sidewalk with a large crowd of people, who, like ourselves, were a little late in getting to view the sham battle.

"Hello! Sounds like an infantry attack," said Stapleton, when a desultory firing came to us in the sweet-scented afternoon air. Hurry up, old man. Let's see what the boys are after."

To hurry a rather stout man who has not done much walking of late years beyond going round the exchanges, and who has fallen into the lazy habit of driving down to his office, so as to avoid walking, is not considerate. But this reflection only came to me the next day, when I found I was sore in the legs.

I had barely time to realize what it was that I felt so knocked up.

The firing, at first light, was now increasing, and we heard the old familiar rumble of caissons and light field pieces, as the Washington artillery was being brought up.

Well, the first thing I knew Stapleton and I were swinging along in quick steps, and so anxious to see how a sham battle was conducted to wait at the entrance gate. I pitched our tickets to the gatekeeper over the heads of the crowd waiting round the ticket office, and we pushed through the gate and plunged into a short cut across a field.

"This side, old man," said Stapleton, deflecting to the right as he caught a glimpse of the battery of guns, and moving rapidly round in that direction. We somehow got over the space in fine shape, in spite of cobbles, tangled weeds and numerous ruts and holes.

"We'll get right to the front," said Stapleton, taking the lead and elbowing his way through the dense crowd with quite a disregard for the usual rules of good manners. "I want to see this thing, Dick." I followed closely, and we soon had a fine view of the open field.

There was just then a lull in the progress of the sham battle, preparatory to an attack on the right. A line of skirmishers were lying along the edge of a ditch behind some bushes and a small underbrush; the infantry commands were being wheeled around into position; some aides were galloping across toward a group of officers in the distance, and the guns of the light artillery, commands were moving up as a support on the one side, an attacking force on the other. The opposing force

was partly hidden by a heavy line of trees, and we could just distinguish a line of moving infantry by the glint of the sun on their bayonets.

"Lord, man!" said Stapleton, pushing his hat back and watching intently; "if I had command of these troops I would fall back to that angle you see yonder and order the attack to be made on this side. Those skirmishers are badly posted. Don't you see how effective a sudden rush down that road could be made? Why, the boys could cross over the open at a double quick, charge on their flank and get under cover of the woods before that artillery supporting column could come up. If these blue-coats were Smith's corps and my old New York 18th, wouldn't they charge prettily down on the rebel?"

"Hold up," I said. "What are you talking about? Those boys are not your 18th, of Smith's corps, but I rather think they could charge just as effectively. In fact, you remember when Smith's and Hancock's corps, your New York 18th, included, made those assaults on our lines before Petersburg, there were only at first 2,000 men until we came up. Kershaw's division of Anderson's corps. You were 40,000 strong then, and Beauregard only had 10,000 to oppose you then, and yet he held you in check pretty effectively."

"Temporarily," answered Stapleton, with an ill-tempered, ugly air, "but we dislodged you that night and took four of your batteries, you remember."

"Not much of a feat," I retorted sharply. "Those lines were occupying, to be properly manned, required a force of 25,000 men. When you took those batteries you had been reinforced by Warren's corps, and you were 90,000 strong. I wouldn't boast of what you accomplished those three days if I were you."

"It was tall fighting, that's a fact," said Stapleton after a pause, shifting his position to see where the troops were moving to. "We lost more than 10,000 men to those assaults. But we would have carried your lines the next day, all the same, if Beauregard had not withdrawn during the night. Your fellows were—d—glad to get behind those breastworks further back."

"Yes, and you fellows were glad not to be again ordered up in an assault to be slaughtered."

There we paused, while the bugle gave some commands to the troops to move up.

"Dick, old man," said Stapleton, mopping his forehead, while I nervously chewed the end of my cigar in a dry smoke. "Come, let us go on that."

We agreed not to go back to those great old fighting days.

"Look there! First-rate! Pretty good! Go it, boys!"

The line had dashed forward and a spirited engagement ensued. The crack of the sharpshooters' rifles was distinct above the volleys of the infantry, and the artillery swept over the field, while the handsome Louisiana field artillery wheeled round in position on the other side to confront it.

"Hurrah!" I shouted.

"Look at that company!" said Stapleton, with eager impatience. "What a fool thing to do! Why, they'll be in pieces. Oh, if those boys were under me!"

"Good!" I shouted, as the artillery dashed up in fine shape, unlimbered and took possession. "Fire, boys! Give it to them!"

"Come on," I said, "let's go back to dinner. Stapleton, you are an awful fool for a man of your years."

"Yes," acquiesced Stapleton. "It's as big an ass as you are, Dick. The bit of getting excited over a sham fight, and wanting to maul each other, because 30 years ago Smith's corps and the 18th New York were rebuffed with some others by Kershaw's division and a few measly confederates."

"Sist up!" I said, rubbing my rheumatism. "I hope Napoleon will give us some of that Yquem you are so fond of for dinner, and that you will have an attack of the gout to-morrow. A fellow like you don't deserve to live. You should have been numbered among your 10,000 dead and wounded."

"Shut up!" said Stapleton.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

## A WOMAN'S SAVING HAND.

BY EMILY BARTON.

He was ruined. As he left the gambling house on Kearney street, San Francisco, and wandered out into Golden Gate park he had absolutely not a dollar in his pockets wherewith to purchase a lodging or a meal. The down-trodden, weary man, who had been seized by a sudden spasm of his face, born of disappointment or of pain.

"You care for him, of course?"

An uncontrollable impulse moved the woman to dash aside the barrier of conventionality and give expression to what she felt. She raised her eyes to his. They met, and the anguish in them touched him to the heart. She shook her head merely, then turned her face away.

"Then tell me why you are going to marry him."

"Because he is rich, and my father's property is heavily mortgaged. I may as well tell you the reason: everybody will know."

"You intend to sacrifice yourself for your family's sake?"

"Sacrifice! What an ugly way of putting it! I am going to make a marriage of convenience. Other women are doing the same thing every day."

There was silence, save for the subdued sound of distant music.

"But you are a man. You can work. You can regain all that you have lost."

He shook his head.

"I cannot find employment here, and I haven't the means to return to my home, in Chicago."

Her hand slipped into her pocket and out again. Adroitly she drew the pistol away from him and pressed something into his hand in its place.

"See, I have bought this thing of you," she said, hurriedly. "You need not feel too grateful. Christians should help each other. If you want to repay me, swear to yourself that you will never do what you attempted just now. I must leave you now. Good-by."

And she was gone before he could stay or thank her—swallowed up and lost in the shadow of the trees.

"Miss Ferris, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Ferris Landeck."

The first time they had met alone under the stars, in San Francisco; now they were in a fashionable gathering in the home of one of the railroad magnates in New York. She was in evening dress, with diamonds sparkling on her throat and in her hair.

For an instant she returned his gaze, questioning, perplexed; then there was a flash of recognition, and he saw she knew.

"Will you take me into the conservatory, Mr. Landeck? It is so warm here."

They left the ballroom and strolled under the dome of the conservatory where the palms and lilies grew.

"You have not forgotten, then?"

It was his voice, low and tremulous, which broke the silence.

"No; nor you, it seems."

"There are moments in a man's life which he never forgets. That was one of them. Do you know I have often wondered whether we should ever meet again, and I dared not indulge a hope until this evening, when for the first time I learned your name. Miss Ferris, shall we sit down for awhile? I am very grateful for this opportunity of speaking to you alone. I want—I want to return to you, with many thanks, the gift you gave me five years ago. Ah, don't say no. The obligation under which you placed me will none the less exist, and—and I shall always keep the little purse, always—in remembrance of that night—of you."

"Fortune has evidently favored you since," she said, after a pause.

"Yes, fortune has indeed favored me, Miss Ferris. Your gift was like the enchanted purses in the children's fairy tales—bottomless. It enabled me to reach the home of my parents in Chicago. I became a reformed man, and soon secured employment as secretary to the manager of a car construction company in Detroit. By industry and thrift I saved a little money. With it I bought land in a rising town of North Dakota. The starting of a big factory there







